

OUR DUMB Animals

FEBRUARY

1955

"SATURDAY NIGHT
ALREADY!"

MASSACHUSETTS SOCIETY
for the
PREVENTION of CRUELTY
to ANIMALS
and the
AMERICAN HUMANE
EDUCATION SOCIETY

Photo by H. Armstrong Roberts





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MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of from 300-400 words are solicited. Articles of more than 600 words cannot be accepted. Such articles may include any subject, except cruel sports or captivity, dealing with animals, especially those with humane import. Human interest and current event items are particularly needed. Also acceptable are manuscripts dealing with oddities of animal life and natural history. All items should be accompanied by good illustrations whenever possible. Fiction is seldom used.

PHOTOGRAPHS should be sharp, depicting either domestic or wild animals in their natural surroundings. Pictures that tell a story are most desirable.

VERSE about animals should be short. We suggest from four to twelve lines.

IMPORTANT

All manuscripts should be neatly type-written, double spaced and each article on a separate sheet.

No manuscript will be acknowledged or returned unless accompanied by a self-addressed stamped envelope.

Payment on acceptance at the rate of one-half cent a word for articles; one dollar and up for photographs and drawings; one dollar and up for acceptable verse. No remuneration for material used on Children's Pages except by arrangement.

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Humane Work in England

LANDING at London Airport after a flight from Casablanca, we were soon aware of the enormous influence of the Royal S. P. C. A., because right on the field was a splendid structure and the sign on it proclaimed it to be the Airport Hostel, operated by the Royal S. P. C. A. We visited it a few days later accompanied by the indefatigable Mrs. W. Longman, R. S. P. C. A. Council member and a wonderful humane worker and hostess. We also enjoyed the expert and detailed tour in the company of Major R. C. G. Hancock, charming and delightful chief veterinary officer for the Society.

The hostel is but one of the many far-reaching operations of the R. S. P. C. A., handling in one year over 300,000 "guests," ranging from elephants to bees. The headquarters building of the Royal S. P. C. A., at 105 Jermyn Street, is world-famous, and presiding over it is the distinguished Chief Secretary, Mr. Arthur W. Moss. This veteran of humane service gave us much of his time and we enjoyed talking over our problems and found to our satisfaction that the R. S. P. C. A. and our own Society saw eye to eye on all controversial issues.

We also had occasion to visit many of the 19 animal clinics and hospital operated by the Society and we found them staffed with excellent men and women and serving a most useful purpose, especially among the poor.

The highlight of our visit was the great honor of addressing the annual meeting of the Society. Presiding was the Council Chairman, Lord Merthyr, and at his side, Mrs. Wallis Power, whose thoughtful kindness to us we shall always remember. We were presented with the Society's highest honor, the Queen Victoria Medal in Silver, and we found it difficult to control our emotions during the stirring ceremony. When we addressed the more than 500 persons present, we gave thought to Richard Martin, to Queen Victoria and to the R. S. P. C. A., which so inspired Henry Bergh that he founded the first S. P. C. A. in America. We marveled at the hundreds of branches, the excellent humane education work and the great prestige of the Society, and we thought of our mother who was born in Manchester.

We came away from England inspired and cheered by our visit to the "Mother Society" and we hope someday to come back—for time was so short and there was so much to learn.

E. H. H.

Animal Police Work

By Helmer O. Oleson

THE records of criminology indicate that animals have often been good policemen. They have on many occasions been responsible for the apprehension of a criminal and thus, indirectly, have saved many human lives and have prevented the theft of valuable property.

A dog, not too long ago, nabbed an intruder at Buckingham Palace, in London! An alert police dog, named Bruce, grabbed a demented man who had invaded the Palace grounds just as the intruder had dropped over a brick wall on the north side of the palace. The dog's handler responded to the animal's barking and took the man into custody. He was subsequently found to be deranged by an examining psychiatrist and committed to a hospital for the insane. Had it not been for the dog, the Queen of England might have been injured, alarmed, or even killed. Who knows?

A three-year-old black dog some time ago was even praised by Magistrate William E. Ringel, in the week-end Magistrate's Court of New York, for assisting in the capture of a man who attempted to attack and assault the dog's owner, Mrs. Walter Hansen. The assailant grabbed, punched and kicked Mrs. Hansen as she entered her hallway after visiting with friends. The dog, pushed into the vestibule by the criminal, barked so loudly that Mr. Hansen came downstairs and notified the police, who seized the criminal. When the offender was arraigned in court, the magistrate remarked of the dog, "He deserves a gold medal."

A mongrel dog also assisted the State Police near Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, while they were conducting a lottery raid. The police officers stormed into the premises where the criminals were adding up their receipts. One delinquent escaped out the back door, but a neighbor's dog rushed up and held him until the arrival of the police.

Another courageous animal who gave the New York City police an assist is Ko-Ko, a twenty-pound cocker spaniel owned by Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Vero. This spaniel became a hero when a

burglar suspect got into a third-floor apartment occupied by the Vero family. When Mr. and Mrs. Vero returned home after a visit, they heard the dog barking and snarling in the bedroom. When they opened the door, they found the burglar cowering in a corner. The criminal was taken to felony court where he was held in \$2,000 bail for a higher court on a charge of unlawful entry.

Even parrots have at times been of service to the police authorities in apprehending or frustrating the criminal. In Milan, Italy, recently a pet talking parrot frustrated an attempt to loot the Banca Popolare di Milan, thereby saving the sum of \$16,000. The burglars broke into the safe of the bank, but fled without taking any money when they heard the bank parrot talking.

A hold-up man was arrested in New York City recently when a parrot's screeching sounded the alarm. The thug tried to hold up Mr. and Mrs. Percival H. Sherron in their home when their parrot repelled the robber with a series of ear-splitting screeches. The police were able to apprehend the criminal and he was brought to court.

Animals have also been instrumental in other types of police work, such as finding missing persons. The bloodhound, of course, has been known in innumerable cases to have brought about the capture of dangerous criminals. Dogs have also helped locate children who are lost and missing. Recently, the yelping of a mongrel dog led to the discovery of three-year-old Richard Warner in the rugged foothills near Dragerton, Utah, after the boy had wandered away from his home and was being sought by a posse of 900 men. A mongrel also remained with his four-year-old master, lost on a wooded mountain, near Coupon, Pa., for seventeen cold, rainy hours. The yelping of the dog led to the discovery of little Clarence Swope who had wandered away from the place where he was staying. State police, police and firemen from Altoona, and many coal miners had joined in the search for the missing boy who might have perished had it not been for the dog.

Are Dogs Color Blind?

By Farley Manning

ARE dogs color blind? Whichever opinion you hold you will find plenty of dog owners to agree with you and even some scientific literature to prove your point.

Dr. Orbeli, an associate of Pavlov, ran two series of tests. From the first, he concluded that dogs have no color sense at all. From the second, he achieved, with difficulty, positive results with one dog.

At about the same time, two other investigators ran tests using a series of gray papers and colored papers and found that it was relatively easy to train a dog to select green from among the grays—with the exception of the darker grays. Then the dog became confused. And when they changed the shape of the green paper, the dog was accustomed to selecting, they found that he was more likely to select a dark gray in the familiar shape.

Among modern investigators, studies seem to have been largely confined to the dog food manufacturers. Some good results have been obtained from studying the effect of color in regard to canned dog food. Take, for instance, a product that has a high meat content where the natural meat color is retained without the addition of any artificial coloring. Since this seems pleasing to the human eye, it was presumed that it was also pleasing to the canine eye.

However, odorless colors were added to the foods and the usual precautions taken to insure fair testing—positions of food dishes alternated, observations made from a distance, etc.

The result? Well, the dogs just didn't give a hoot so long as the food remained the same and there was no change in odor or taste.



Horses On Snowshoes

By Francis Dickie

NORTH AMERICA owes a great debt to the Indian who invented the snowshoe. Now, as well as in the past, snowshoes have been indispensable to explorers, pioneer missionaries, doctors, prospectors, mounted policemen, and all that other great army of sturdy outdoorsmen who must, of necessity, travel the far expanses of snow in the north country.

Yet, it required a very inventive mind to adapt a type of "horse-snow-shoe" to meet successfully difficult transportation problems in the wilderness of British Columbia where other modes were inadequate. Unfortunately, even after careful research by the writer, the name of this adapter could not be learned.

The great usefulness of this novel type of footwear, even its very existence, is known to only a very few. Its perfecting was, as in the case of all inventions, marked by trial and error experiment until the best medium was finally achieved.

Though quite unknown even today except to the packers who use it, the idea originated 75 years ago. Transportation in the mining region of Lardo, British Columbia, was particularly difficult in rough country of heavy, soft snow. Here the idea first took shape.

At the start, canvas on round willow frames was tried. But even the strongest canvas quickly broke under the hooves



—Photo by Morley Shier

Horses on snowshoes conquer the snow-laden country of British Columbia.

of the heavy horses that were used in drawing great loads over soft snow-covered trails into the mountainous mining region. The next step in the invention was a shoe of light rounded boards. These, too, proved impracticable.

Finally, the inventor perfected the completely satisfactory one shown worn by the horses in the accompanying photograph. This shoe's efficiency is most impressively demonstrated. Note how easily the heavy horses stride on top of the soft snow, while the man near them without snowshoes has sunk to his knee.

The horse snowshoes are made of three-quarter inch iron pipe bent into a circle with steel chains to the center and holding clips for the hoof at the toe and side in the same manner as on shoes worn by man. And it is really a tribute to horse intelligence how quickly the animals learn. Experienced northern packers tell me that rarely is more than half an hour required for a horse

to learn how to use them. A most striking example of the animal's high intelligence is, that when a snowshoe occasionally comes loose, the animal will at once stop and wait for the packer to adjust it.

Immense amounts of material are moved using horses on snowshoes where other methods of transport cannot go. Recently, W. J. Crawford, of Stewart, B. C., widely experienced with all methods of packing, took a contract to move a complete mining mill and supplies from the sea front inland over rough heavily snow-covered country. It required the largest number of horses ever used at one time, a herd of 24, wearing a full complement of snowshoes. By them a quarter million pounds of bulky, awkward material was safely transported through a most difficult mountain region.

So, the horse still holds its place in transport competition and forges one more link in its faithful service to man.

To the Sparrow

You cannot match the robin
When summer comes along,
Yet winter would be empty
Without your brisk, bright song.

Your wings hold naught of color
Which makes the oriole glow,
But courage lends you beauty
To shine against the snow.

Sometimes, when I feel lonely
I listen as you sing,
And then the bare, bleak winter
Seems like another spring.

By John Vilkas

February 1955

"Woody's" Return

By Calvin Walker

WOODY, the woodchuck, was born in a deep burrow under a ledge in a gully near three gray birches. There was snow still on the ground in the forest when he was born. Woody, scarcely larger than a chipmunk, was an adventuresome fellow. He found it difficult to listen to the warnings of his mother, or to pay attention to the instinctive protection of his keen sight and sensitive smell.

For two months he played and ate in the gully near the birches, growing a little fatter each day, wandering farther and farther from his burrow under the ledge. But it was his adventuresome spirit that eventually got him into trouble for, racing along the wall near the birches, he suddenly found himself trapped — pinned by a loosened rock at the shoulder of his right fore leg. And that is the way Bryan found him, heard his plaintive cry and, turning aside, moved the rock and gently released him.

They became friends after that — the tall blond boy with the blue eyes and the gentle understanding hands, and the little rodent with the narrow, short-eared head, brown eyes and reddish-golden fur. Bryan housed him in a large wooden box, feeding him lettuce, green beans and cabbage. But it was the succulent cabbage that Woody loved best, sitting on his haunches in a corner and, holding great chunks of it in his humanized fore-paws, munching with the noisy rapid chomp of his strong white teeth. Only Bryan could handle Woody. To anyone else his sharp little teeth would instantly chatter defiance, and a warning growl would emerge.

But the day of parting inevitably arrived as soon as Woody's shoulder had healed. Then Bryan gathered Woody in his arms and, along with a sizeable cabbage, went slowly down to the gully. There, near the three gray birches, by the burrow under the ledge, Bryan released his little friend. For a moment Woody hesitated, sitting up and looking about. Then, dropping to all fours, he plunged into his burrow. Leaving the cabbage by the entrance, Bryan slowly left the gully, his face tense with feeling, his eyes moist with tears.

Late that afternoon, reluctantly, Bryan left the vicinity. In his absence, others provided food each morning and night by the burrow under the ledge. And each morning and night Woody came out and fed on what was left—or foraged near his hole. But no one could get anywhere near him. He had, indeed, returned to the wild.

But a strange thing happened. Two weeks later Bryan returned and, armed with a sizeable head of cabbage, went at once to the gully. From there, fifteen minutes later, he came rushing back to the field yelling, "He came to me! He came to me!" And sure enough, every morning and night thereafter, Bryan would go to the gully and there Woody, the woodchuck, would come to him for his meal of cabbage. He would sit by Bryan's side and eat while the boy stroked him affectionately.

And when he had finished, his little stomach bulging, Woody would race in characteristic rippling gallop for his burrow under the ledge in the gully near the three gray birches.

Missing "Mopsey"

By Dick Hartford

HOW Mopsey got into such a hole, only he knows. But how he got out is well known to various and sundry good citizens of Trumbull, Connecticut. To be specific, seven men and three boys, and one each, telephone and road grader, were directly involved.

The rescue began one afternoon last summer. Paul R. Warden, Jr., 14, Leslie Mancinelli, 13, and Francis Kronus, 9, of Trumbull, were on their way for a swim.

They took a short cut which led them off the end of Laurel Street where they heard the plaintive, muffled whimper of a puppy. They pinpointed the location of the dog deep in the crevices of several large boulders too huge for them to handle.

From the nearest telephone, they called Trumbull Police Headquarters. Patrolman Jonathan Ebling took one look at the problem and he called William Hayes who is in charge of the Town Garage. Mr. Hayes arrived, flanked by four husky members of the highway maintenance crew and a heavy duty grader. Meanwhile, Dog Warden John Kadric appeared and the rescue work began.

The boulders were sunk in sand. As they were moved, the sand was scooped away to keep it from "drowning" Mopsey. After half a dozen rocks were shifted, Warden Kadric was able to reach the imprisoned dog.

The grateful puppy licked cheeks all around as an expression of appreciation. He was thirsty, and thinned down some, but apparently there was nothing wrong with him that some good food wouldn't correct.

Through his license tag, the year-old cocker spaniel was promptly returned to his master, Stephen T. Bombero in a nearby town. Mr. Bombero had been advertising and searching for his pet ever since Mopsey had disappeared.



"You can't sleep! Have you tried counting people?"

O H, no, not again!" I said, as Mr. Blue came into the kitchen dragging his left ear along the floor. Only the week before he'd been to the hospital to have foxtails removed from his ears. Now, unless I was able to help him, he must go back for professional services.

As I feared, the barb had worked its way into the inner ear, so there was nothing to do but pay the veterinarian another visit.

Mr. Blue had scarcely recovered from the foxtails when I noticed he was walking with a decided limp. Examining his feet, I discovered a growth about the size of a large marble between the toes of a front foot. Surgery was needed to remove the sac and although the operation was a minor one, recovery was slow and apparently painful.

In all his nine years, Mr. Blue had scarcely known sickness or pain, so it was only natural that he should make much of his disability. He had to have the softest bed, the best spot on the living room rug, the front seat when he rode in the car. And we, unwittingly, encouraged him in his bid for sympathy by answering him with honeyed words and the choicest bits from our dinner plates. When he wanted out, I helped him down the steps. If he looked hungry, I carried food and water to him. I even saw that he had a pillow on which to rest his poor, sore foot. And all the while, Mr. Blue was enjoying poor health, winning more and more favors with a wan wag of his tail and a roll of his big, round eyes.

In time, foot and ears healed and it looked as though we could settle back in our comfortable rut, when Mr. Blue was accidentally nudged by the mailman's sedan.

Apparently he had been struck on the right, rear hip for he yelped when I touched it, but careful examination showed no cuts or abrasions. So, back to the hospital he went for X-rays. While waiting for the doctor's report, we pampered Mr. Blue out of all reason, doubling our services to relieve our anxiety as well as his pain.

Three days after the accident, Mr. Blue was still hobbling about, waiting to be helped over three-inch obstacles, looking utterly helpless when he attempted to drag himself up the three, shallow back porch steps. I was wondering which would be better, hot or cold packs, when the veterinarian called regarding the X-rays. "We find absolutely no bone injury," he said. "The dog has probably suffered a slight bruise which will clear up in a few days. . . ."

"But it is three days since he was hurt," I interrupted, "and he's still hobbling about."

"Give him a few more days," he said. "If he doesn't improve, bring him in. . . ."

I asked about the hot packs and he said if they would make me feel better, to go ahead. They certainly would do Mr. Blue no harm. So, Mr. Blue was alternately chilled and blistered, rubbed and kneaded, but apparently nothing did any good. He still ambulated on three legs even after the doctor re-examined and pronounced him sound.

"You can't tell me he's all right," I fumed, relating the doctor's verdict at the dinner table. "A person might fake an illness to get special attention, but no self-respecting animal would stoop so low. . . ."

The weeks passed. Thanksgiving came and went with Mr. Blue, the invalid, getting the cream of leftovers. Now it was Christmas week, and lying on a pillow under the kitchen table, he was growing fat and sleek on bits of this and that from the baking board.

I was beginning to think he was to be permanently crippled,

"Mr. Blue," Faker

by Ina Louez Morris



"You can't blame a fellow for trying," Mr. Blue seemed to say when his deception was discovered.

when one day, as he hobbled after me on the way to the mail box, he saw a strange dog. He stopped as the dog approached and waited with ears raised and eyes all interest. If the stranger should pick a fight, I thought, poor Mr. Blue wouldn't have a chance. Removing my shoe to use as an equalizer if necessary, I, too, waited.

The dog circled Mr. Blue, sniffing the cripple from end to end. Mr. Blue nosed the other, then apparently disliking what he smelled, he growled, and chased the stranger down the road. He had gone perhaps fifty feet when I realized he was using all four legs without a hitch or a limp. The race continued for another hundred feet, then the other dog stopped and whirled to face Mr. Blue. They exchanged growls for a second or two, then Mr. Blue turned about and trotted toward me.

"You faker!" I cried, thinking I had been taken in. "The doctor was right — there's not a thing in the world wrong with you!"

Realizing his slip, he rolled woe-begone eyes at me, lifted his leg and completed the distance between us as though in the greatest pain.

"It won't work," I said, turning my back on him. "You're on your own."

For the next few days, Mr. Blue limped when he thought of it or when he was sure of an audience. Getting no sympathy, he finally abandoned the hoax as nonchalantly as he had adopted it.

Rewarding Experience with a Hawk

ANCHORED off Clark's Island in Duxbury Bay at noon, I was preparing to have a picnic lunch when I noticed a large hawk standing on a rock with a bright red object showing against his breast. At first I thought it to be wound or perhaps something it had caught. Sensing that all was not as it should be, I rowed slowly ashore.

As I touched the beach, the hawk fluttered awkwardly from the rock, and I could see that the red object was attached to its right wing, making flight impossible. Slowly I approached to within about thirty feet and saw that the object was a bass plug, six or seven inches long. My first reaction was anger that such a fantastic accident should have befallen the hawk, and my second, that I wished I had not seen the bird at all, for I knew that I could never forget his plight.

One of the hooks had become impaled in the elbow of the wing, presumably when the hawk may have dived upon the lure thinking it edible. The chances of removing it seemed remote. I had no gloves nor any box or bag in which I might have been able to carry the bird to a humane agent and, in any case, I realized that he could be caught only after a terrifying chase through the blackberry vines and poison ivy with which the island is densely covered. Moreover, if I thus frightened it, I knew that both of us would be badly torn by the barbs of the vines and there was also every likelihood that the many hooks with which the plug was festooned would penetrate other parts of the hawk's body if not mine. The only possible course appeared to be, the seemingly impossible one of gaining the hawk's confidence. I thought of Mr. Boone's recent book, "Kinship with All Life," and, as I had no alternative, I resolved, with a prayer to the hawk's God and mine, to tell the bird that I was there only to help him.

As I moved slowly in his direction, he struggled toward the steep, brush-covered bank of the island. One of the trailing hooks caught in a vine and held him. I immediately stopped and sat down to show that I would not take advantage of him, and at a distance of about thirty feet I began to talk to him quietly, explaining his plight and telling

him that I would hurt him no more than I could help if he would let me try to remove the lure. After talking steadily for about five minutes, I rose and slowly moved up the beach, still talking. Again the hawk struggled up the bank, pulling the lure clear of the vine and I again sat down on a rock and continued talking. After another five or ten minutes, I moved to within about twenty feet and again sat down when the hawk started to drag himself farther into the tangle. For some thirty to forty minutes I talked steadily, repeating slow advances when I felt that the bird would let me without too much fright. I sat down on rocks every few feet until I was close to the hawk who had, by this time, gone halfway up the twelve-foot bank. He was constantly watching me with one eye. At this point I moved my hands slowly as I talked, palms upward, to accustom him to such movements. I tried asking him to come to me, and made such motions with my hands. He remained perfectly still, his talons clutching a stout vine, his wings partly open, and his body reclining backwards on the tangle of bush.

I climbed the bank to within about three feet. He turned his head to face me directly and intently looked into my face. I explained that his only possible chance of survival was to let me try to remove the hook, that if he would trust me and not struggle I would do my best

to help him fly again, and I moved my hands in a slow flying motion many times as I talked about it to him. I took one more step and he did not move other than to blink his eyes and look me over. He was plainly listening and thinking. I came to within a foot of him and knelt down against the bank just below him. Still he remained motionless. I reached out and lightly touched his left wing, then drew back. Again I brushed his wing more firmly and nearer his body. He did not move except to open his mouth wide but soundlessly. I then knelt over him and reached around his head to touch and lift the lure to see where it was attached.

The hawk made no move to bite me and kept his talons tightly clenched around the heavy vine. I found that one hook had gone through the wing very near the second joint. I tried to hold the wing and pull it through, but the large hook and barb held too firmly. All the time I talked and talked trying not to show the anguish I felt and that, of course, he felt physically as well as mentally. I lightly stroked his head; still he never moved a muscle and continued to look straight at me.

I felt the position of the barb, turned the hook to bring it to the thinnest part of the skin or cartilage through which it passed. Still speaking as soothingly as I could, but dreading what I felt I must do, I drew my sheath knife before his eyes, cut the skin or cartilage at the barb and drew it out laterally. I held it a moment for the hawk to see, and then threw it down on the beach. I breathed a prayer of thanks, and backed slowly away, still talking to the hawk (and probably to myself, also). I shoved off my rowboat, rowed out to my anchored motor boat, and there watched prayerfully.

The hawk hopped and struggled about two feet at a time toward the top of the bank. When nearly at the top he spread his wings slightly, then got to a relatively clear place, opened his wings wide and flew up and over the island with no apparent "limp."

It was a very rewarding experience—a very definitely spiritual one. As I ate my belated lunch, far from triumphant, I was humbled as never before.

S. H., Duxbury, Mass.





—Photo, Fish & Wildlife Service

Whooping crane, America's tallest and rarest bird, winters at Aransas National Wildlife Refuge.

Animals are blamed for many things, but they are—

Absolved in Crane Plight

By Wallace M. Depew

ANIMALS are blamed for a lot of things not based on fact. Contrary to what some have said, the "evidence thus far points to man as being the greatest threat" to the survival of the whooping crane, North America's tallest and rarest bird, an authority on the subject told me.

The complete picture, however, will not be known until when, and if, the nesting grounds in the far north are pin-pointed and intensive ground studies made.

To date, however, with the mystery surrounding this bird nearer solution than at any time in the past quarter century, the facts known disprove reports that animals are responsible for reducing the wild flock to the alarming figure of twenty-four.

The news that two adult cranes had been observed just south of Great Slave Lake, in the Yukon territory of Canada, gave those who would save the whooper from extinction the first definite clue that

may result in unraveling this great puzzle of nature.

The discovery was made during a routine survey of waterfowl nesting grounds in that region, although there had been many other searches. One of these explorations extended 16,000 miles by amphibious plane over the Mackenzie Delta region and upland and costal tundra from Point Barrow, Alaska, to Bathurst Inlet in Northwest Territories.

The surveys will continue, I was told, with trained observers constantly on the watch for whooping cranes but, with the waterfowl breeding grounds so vast, the coverage has to be limited and the survey routes planned so as to include breeding areas that will reflect population trends of significance.

"It is to be hoped," this authority said, "that through persistent effort more can be learned as to just where in the vast expanses of tundra south of Great Slave Lake the whooping crane nests."

But there is a significant finding that disproves the report that animals have

reduced the flock of whooping cranes over the years "by eating their eggs or their goslings or attacking the adult bird." First, "the predator pressure in that region is comparatively light," and second, "all the cranes which left the Texas coast (where they winter) in the spring returned in the fall with young."

An unusually impressive looking bird, with long, white feathers curling down over the ends of black-tipped wings, red-crowned and red-faced, it has a wing-spread of seven feet, three-foot spindly legs and five-foot coiled neck. It has an olive-grey bill, yellow eyes and a blaring, horn-like call so loud it can be heard three miles away.

Once an abundant species which nested in Canada's Prairie Provinces and in North-Central states, it was not uncommon in migration from New England to Georgia. The whooper winters at the 47,261-acre Aransas Wildlife Refuge in Texas, between San Antonio Bay, overlooking wild Matagorda Island in the Gulf of Mexico.

Old Mascots Never Die

By Norman Zeisloft

Chloe holds that "wild blue yonder" look in her eyes as she poses for a final portrait to hang in the 509th Air Force Band's rehearsal hall.



After the formal gathering around pats and goodbyes...

"The typical attitude of a soldier" is one of Chloe's favorite positions. She can lie for hours flat on her back and often snoozes this way.



While licking a piece of chocolate, Chloe shows off her new collar and S/Sgt. chevrons.



er the formal retirement ceremonies, the bandmen
hered around their old comrade for a few affectionate
s and goodbyes and best wishes in her life as a civilian.



Chloe's bunk is kept in an even line with all the bunks in
the barracks and sports an official tag which lists
her name and duties.

Chloe descends the stairs for the last time as she leaves for her new home.

WHEN Chloe joined the service she was only six weeks old and about the size of a hot dog. Retiring eight years later, she resembled a furry zepelin with legs. She has served the human equivalent of about thirty-two years of service.

It was a sad day for the airmen of the 505th Air Force Band of Chanute AFB, Illinois, when they fell out to play a farewell salute to Chloe. The bandmen's hearts were heavy as they played "Ruffles and Flourishes" and a chorus of "Chloe." But Chloe took the whole affair like a man. Only she wasn't a man; she was a dachshund.

Chloe is believed to be the last of the official squadron mascots. Old age and a new directive doing away with government support of mascots caused her retirement. She was an official government purchase and received a monthly allowance for subsistence. Purchased with Unit Welfare Funds, she was entered on the Fund's property list as: 1 ea. Dog, Dachshund, female, unit price \$15.

As official government property, the dog was issued a monthly allowance for rations consisting of dog food. But Chloe ate anything. Her favorite chow consisted of hamburgers and french fries to which the boys in the band would occasionally treat her at a local drive-in restaurant.

She lost her girlish figure with old age

and too many between-meal snacks. It finally became necessary to issue an order detailing the Charge of Quarters as the only man to feed her.

Chloe attained the rank of Airman First Class and was awarded the Good Conduct Medal, in 1949. She lost all chances of getting the clasp to the medal when she assaulted the group commander a couple of years ago. She snapped at him as he inspected the barracks. Since the group commander was a colonel, the bandmen thought Chloe should be punished for conduct unbecoming an airdog.

The long, underslung mascot followed the band to all retreats and insisted that other dogs in the area stand at respectful attention during the playing of "The Star Spangled Banner." When the colors were lowered, she would stand at attention and afterwards chase any disorderly animals out of the area.

When the band decided to retire Chloe they promoted her to the rank of staff sergeant, so she could get all the "retirement benefits of a non-commissioned officer." She now sports a new collar with four stripes on it, which she took, along with a certificate of honorable discharge, into retirement.

Chloe's hobby, in addition to chasing other animals, is Halo shampoo baths. Now too heavy to chase animals, she can still enjoy the shampoo baths—and perhaps tell war stories.



off her new collar

Surprise Package

By Olive G. Barnes

THE grocery man delivered the order of groceries to the kitchen door where I took them and checked the various packages before putting them away. There was one package too many. Someone would be shy some chops for dinner.

Before I could get around to calling the store, the telephone rang. It was a woman's voice asking if I had a package which didn't belong to me.

"Yes," I answered, "I have." She said she was the new neighbor in the white house up by the corner and she would send Jack for the meat.

Almost before I hung up, I heard a peculiar noise on the front porch and I looked out to see a big, clean-looking collie dog sitting there. I spoke to him; he wagged his tail, barked a little, and continued to sit there as we eyed each other.

I went back to the kitchen but soon again a bark sounded from out front. Once more I went to the front porch. This time the dog came closer to the door, barked, and wagged his tail. Just then I heard a call from up the street. It was a little overalled boy with a visored cap set rakishly on his head. "Jack'll take it! Jack'll take it!" he shouted.

Immediately another voice was heard from up the street. "Come, Jack, get the package and come home."

As the woman called once more, louder, the boy spoke to the dog. "Bring it here, Jack." The dog stood his ground, took the package in his mouth, and then trotted toward the boy.

"That's a good dog. Good Jack," — and the two Jacks went up the street together.

Shane the Terrible

By M. S. Darcy

IT was a rainy February day. I entered the house to find my daughter Pat seated in the living room, apparently holding a bunch of tattered burlap. Closer inspection revealed it to be a puppy.

Wanted or not, we now had two dogs. The new addition turned out to be a pedigreed Irish setter, subsequently named Shane. He bore no resemblance to distinguished forebears. His coat was rough and woolly, his tail a frayed length of manila rope, and his ears hung to his knees. He was clumsy, always falling over the biggest feet I have ever seen on a puppy. We eyed those feet with dread, knowing that in a matter of months he would grow up to them.

Our other dog is a small one of uncertain parentage. Sandy

is seventeen, a dainty, pompous old man. Despite dubious ancestry, he looked like an elderly aristocrat beside an awkward and uncouth peasant. He tried to tolerate the newcomer, but it was difficult. Shane was a born tease. In the evening I would sit on the sofa, reading or watching television, with the little dog at my feet. Shane would dive under the other end of the sofa, crawl down and stick his head through the fringe, nipping at Sandy's tail and ears. Sandy, startled, would jump and growl, and Shane would retreat, only to repeat the performance when all was quiet.

The puppy grew rapidly. His appetite was enormous. He had the capacity of an elephant and the discrimination of a goat. Between meals he chewed shoes, books, cartons, and the kitchen linoleum. His coat darkened and reddened, his tail grew feathers, his baby teeth were replaced, but he was still a clown.

Too big now to get under furniture, he found new ways to tease Sandy. He jumped over him, he stood in his path and refused to budge, and he chased him down the stairs. This last trick was his undoing.

Both dogs had followed me upstairs one evening. The telephone rang, and I ran down to answer it. Shane, as usual, hung back, waiting for Sandy to start down, then made a mad dash after him. But the big dog slipped and fell, whimpering with pain. He had broken his leg.

On Saturday night Pat drove to the hospital to bring her pet home. The doctor cautioned her, "Don't expect him to be lively for a week or two. His leg is in an aluminum cast, and he'll probably just lie around." Pat nodded, snapped the leash on her pet's collar, and with Shane walking very stiff-legged, made a dignified exit. But as they reached the hall the dog realized he was going home, and sprinted down the stairs, dragging her along with him.

He has been home for a week now, and we are still waiting for the peaceful, quiet moment promised us. Shane gallops about the house, brandishing the cast like a club. He jumps on us, kissing and walloping at the same time. Pat's black eye is not becoming.



Sometimes Shane is sorry, but not often.

Natives of the deepest south, those—

Playful Penguins

By Zelma Goslee Locke

IF you were to go to Antarctica in the spring you would be greeted by penguins rather than people. They are gathering on their nesting grounds and would make you think of the Eskimos who would greet you if you were coming ashore at the other end of the earth.

These fascinating inhabitants of the polar ice shelf live farther south than any other animal. They are comical creatures. They romp like boys, trying to push each other into the water. Once in, they sport with keen delight. Sometimes they board ice-floes that come sailing by; then they slip off, and swim back to go through the same procedure. Sometimes they toboggan, and, bringing their stomachs flat on the ice, they kick themselves along with their stout webbed feet, like children pushing sleds before them. Their polished feathers make an excellent runner surface.

The adult penguins hold their eggs between a fold of skin on their abdomen and their broad webbed feet instead of sitting upon them like theawks and puffins, other birds that live in Antarctica.

These extraordinary animals have such strong parental feeling that they fight over each other's eggs. Scores of would-be nurses scramble for the honor of keeping the newly-hatched chicks alive. Consequently many of the emperor penguin chicks perish, literally killed by kindness.

The young penguins are born blind and their parents feed them for an unusually long time before they take to the water. The parents take turns hunting for food for the chicks. The young are covered with gray down and are little roly-polies with bulging stomachs, which almost touch the floor and conceal their feet completely. They roll tufts of gray down here and there as they hop about their nests in play. Their parents watch them solicitously from outside.

Many an explorer in Antarctica has owed his life to eating



their plump bodies, but no man likes to kill a penguin. They seem almost human. They have a most courtly way of bowing to each other and seem to hold animated conversations. They bow and talk to men in the same manner. When they are not understood, they go through the same performance again with infinite patience. The penguin is a creature of the moment. After any exertion he will unexpectedly lapse into a yawn, shut his eyes and fall asleep as if nothing had happened.

Strange Nesting Places

HOME sweet home" can be almost any place for members of the animal kingdom. A robin in Toronto, Canada, caused a mild furor recently when she was discovered hatching a nest of eggs in the rear end of a trailer, and refused to be evicted. The truck had been sold, but delivery was postponed until the feathered hitchhiker found a new home.

Another robin built a nest recently on a New York Central milk car and rode on it daily for one week on the car's twenty mile run. In Lewiston, Idaho, a motorist lifted the hood of his car and a robin flew out. A week later he lifted the same hood to check his oil and found a robin's nest complete with three eggs.

Everett Thompson of Comanche, Oklahoma, has a hen that lays her eggs in a pan of water when the mercury rises to the 100-degree mark.

Some time ago a pigeon flew into an open ventilator in the building of the National Geographic Society in Washington, D. C., and built her nest in a mammoth hotplate used for

drying map paper and laid two eggs. A pair of swallows invaded the bathroom of farmer Adam Christensen of Hestehaven, Denmark, through an open window and began to build a nest just underneath the spray. The family vacated the bathtub to the birds.

Five young sparrows, all bright and happy, were born in the "Go" section of a Los Angeles traffic light. The green light gave them a heating system of their own.

A robin who built a nest atop an army hospital tent in the bivouac area at Camp Atterbury, Indiana, was given permission to hatch her brood undisturbed. Col. W. T. Stacy, the commanding officer, ordered his men to leave the tent up although the bivouac was over and the other tents had been pulled down.

A few thousand bees swarmed on a "Limited Parking" sign in upper Manhattan some time ago, and created considerable excitement for New Yorkers in the vicinity. The queen bee, however, soon decided to move on and, when last seen, the swarm was heading northwest toward the Hudson River.

By Helmer Oleson



The Morris School Dog Training Program's final meeting was a demonstration and competition for prizes. Left to right are Mrs. Beatrice Connolly, judge; Billy McMillan, highest-scoring boy handler, and his dog "Dusty," who took top prizes, and Mrs. Gladys Dykstra, instructor at the American Humane Education Society's training class.

A DOG that is permitted to run loose so that lawns and gardens are uprooted, or that makes a nuisance of himself in other ways will cost his owner the friendship of the neighborhood. Yet, to tie up your dog and leave him alone for long periods, so that he howls continuously from boredom and frustration, is unkind to both the dog and your neighbors' ears. And if small children are frightened and hurt by romping dogs, there results a cry from those who dislike dogs for the police and health

A School for Dogs

By Albert A. Pollard, Director of Education

authorities to enforce stringent and sometimes unnecessary regulations.

There are over 23,000,000 dogs in our country, and it is becoming increasingly necessary that dog owners recognize and assume their responsibility for the proper care and behavior of their pets. What is the answer?

During the past year our Society, in its program of humane education in the schools of Springfield, Massachusetts, has reached 14,000 children. All of these children have been fascinated with an intelligent Pomeranian of sweet disposition named "Buttons," owned and taught by Mrs. Roy Dykstra, who is a good friend of our staff teacher in that area, Miss Dorothea Clark.

After Buttons had carried out many simple commands amid rounds of applause, the children fired a barrage of questions:

"Could I teach my dog to stop in traffic to avoid danger?"

"My dog is a mongrel. Could he be taught to obey hand signals instead of voice commands?"

"Do most dogs like basic obedience instruction?"

In the discussion that followed, Mrs. Dykstra pointed out that the first requirement is a happy, well-cared-for dog. For instance, the farm dog is a

useful and happy dog because he has the constant companionship of some member of the family and is busy a good part of the day with his chores. Such a dog is alert; he has to "think" and to remember. Yes, a working dog is a happy dog for he enjoys being useful to you, while at the same time getting the exercise he needs. Contrast such a dog with the one left alone too much, who frets and whimpers, longing for human companionship. This is the only way he has to learn new words, new commands, and thus become an intelligent and loyal member of the household.

When the group of children were told that over 11,000 dogs last year in Springfield alone were killed by automobiles, and many more suffered serious injury, it was evident that they all wanted to learn how to save their own from such a fate. The importance of being patient and kind to a dog was emphasized first, for the person who is impatient and lacks self-control can't get very far in teaching a dog. The difference between tricks and useful performance was stressed, for some children said they had tried to teach their dogs to carry a paper or to perform some stunt rather than such simple commands as sit, come, stay, fetch and down.

Recently an experimental course for children in the Robert O. Morris School was completed, with twenty children enrolled. At the final meeting, when they demonstrated to parents and friends what they had accomplished, it was evident that they had gained a knowledge of the nature of their own dogs and how to control them, and the value of praise and kindness in achieving the desired results.

While much can be done by the individual with intelligent use of good books on the subject of teaching a dog, it is felt the best results for children come from the group method of instruction. A child learns from watching other children, and there is added interest in comparing the progress of his dog with others in the class. Dogs, too, benefit from competition in group work.

We believe such programs will help diminish the "dog problem" and have great value for children, their pets and their communities by stimulating a feeling of responsibility for the health and safety of the dog in every owner.

DISTINGUISHED VISITOR — Dr. Sten-Erik Olsson (center) of Stockholm, Sweden, holds "Rudy," a frisky dachshund patient at Angell Memorial, while Dr. Gerry B. Schnelle (left) and Dr. C. Lawrence Blakely look on. Dr. Olsson, Professor of Radiology at the Royal Veterinary College in Stockholm and associated with the Department of Surgery there, spent several weeks at our Hospital demonstrating surgical techniques on dogs' spinal columns. He also lectured before the New England Veterinary Medical Association on intervertebral disc injuries, and presented a paper on "X-Ray Diagnosis of the Disease of the Heart and Lungs in the Dog." Following his stay at the Angell, he will attend the Pennsylvania State Veterinary Medical Association meeting, and will thereafter visit the University of Pennsylvania, Cornell University, University of Ontario, Ohio State University, Mayo Clinic, University of California, Texas A. & M., and Alabama Polytechnic Institute. Before returning to Sweden, Dr. Olsson will stop off at London, England, to visit Oxford University.



Former Editor Dies

GUY RICHARDSON, editor for thirty-four years of OUR DUMB ANIMALS, passed away last December, on his 81st birthday.

Mr. Richardson, who took office under this Society's founder, George T. Angell, was editor from 1909 until his retirement in 1943. It will be remembered, also, that Mr. Richardson was one of the founders of Be Kind to Animals Week.

Writer, lecturer, and a national authority on Abraham Lincoln, he was graduated from Boston University in 1897. He was a past president of the University's College of Liberal Arts Alumni, a member of the Boston Authors' Club, London Authors' Club and the Field and Forest Society of Boston and a Director of the Metropolitan Federal Savings and Loan Association.

Although inactive since his retirement because of poor health, Mr. Richardson will be missed as one of the pioneers of humane work in this country.



—Photo by Arthur Howard, Boston Record-American
"Big Boy," a collie patient at our Hospital recently, has his splint checked by Angell nurse Margaret Robinson.

Kindness to Children

DID you ever notice how thrilled a child is to receive something addressed to *him personally* through the mail? Imagine his (or her) delight when it happens every month, in the form of OUR DUMB ANIMALS, which contains stories, pictures, poems and puzzles for youngsters as well as grown-ups. Beginning this month, *new* subscriptions cost only \$1.00 per year, so see the back cover and order now!



GUARDIAN OF THE CAUSEWAY to her summer estate is this alert, lively companion of Miss Muriel Alvord, a devoted humanitarian.

Off the Record

SLEUTHING is not far out of the line of work of our agents, who are actually special state police officers. Take this case of possible dognapping, for instance. One man lost his dog and advertised for it. He called our Springfield branch, also, and the Hospital desk remembered that the dog had been brought in just a week before by another man as *his* dog. This person made an appointment to meet the dog's owner at his place of business to discuss payment of a large sum of money for the return of the dog. The owner, however, notified our agent and the police, who were on hand at the appointed time and place to apprehend this person and question him. This man agreed to return the dog if they could prove ownership and if he was reimbursed for the expense of the dog's care. Properly identified, the dog was soon returned to his owner. (See *Twice the Protection* on inside back cover.)

A familiar request was given an unusual twist in this agent's report: "I received a call that a cat was up a pole at the given address, so I called the telephone company, as they rescue cats from their own poles. Then, three days later, a newspaper article appeared, stating that the cat was still there. Immediately, I went to the scene and found that the cat was up an electric

Reports from Our Agents

light company pole, so the phone company had not acted. Rather than call me back, the original complainant called the newspapers, evidently thinking I would not cooperate.

"Rather disturbed, I called the electric light company, who promptly sent a man to the scene and the cat was soon back with its owner. I have since had talks with the general managers of both companies involved and am in a better position to handle calls of this nature efficiently and eliminate delays."

On hearing that horses were left out in a meadow all night in cold weather, one of our agents called on the owner. He found the barn locked and the horses out, unable to take shelter in case of a storm. The owner maintained that he put the horses in each night, so our agent requested that he leave the barn door open in order that the horses might seek shelter at any time, and this the man promised to do. Our agent will check.

A woman complained that her dog was being abused by neighborhood children. She said she keeps her dog tied and boys throw things at him. Our agent interviewed the boys' parents as well as the boys themselves, and warned them about maltreating animals.

CHILDREN'S



The Pup I Had

By Patricia Neri (8)

WHEN I was seven, I had a pet dog named Rusty. My father brought him home when he came from the Army. The name of the dog was a cocker spaniel. They do not grow very big. His color was light brown. He was a cute little pup. My father knew his mother and father.

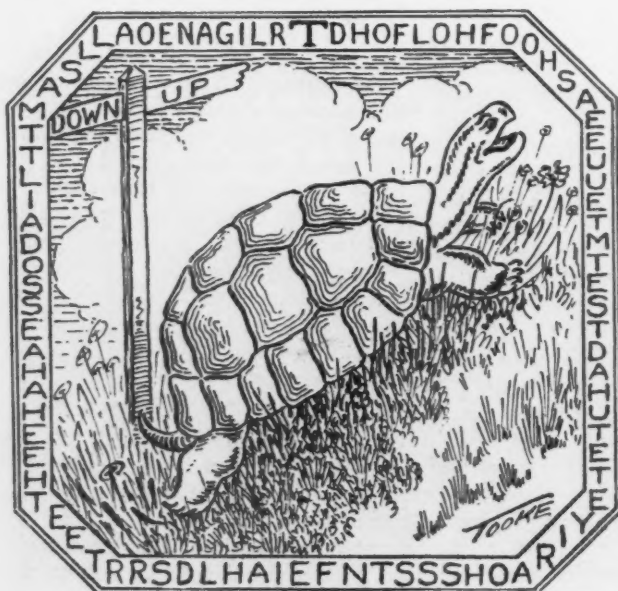
After a while Rusty ran away. When I was sick, he came back home. My dog was playful. He used to take my shoes and chew them. He followed me to school. I think he was one year old when he ran away. I wish he did not run away. The poor pup.

How Clever!

By Alfred I. Tooke

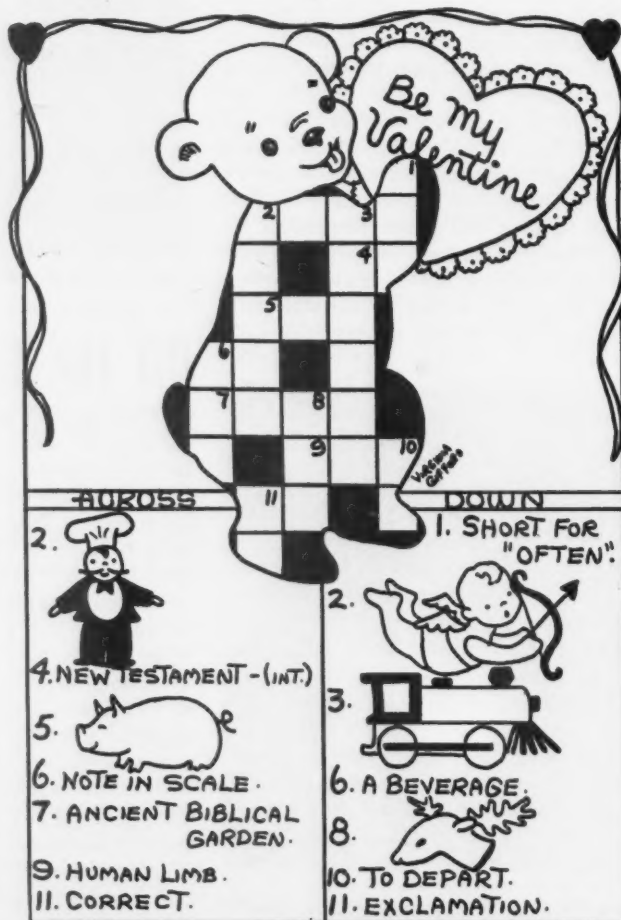
START with the large "T" at the top of the drawing below, then take every seventh letter (clockwise) and see if you can spell out the verse hidden there. When you think you have the answer, turn this page upside down and see if you agree with the verse printed below.

The turtle has a house of shell.
If he desires to roam,
His head and feet and tail go out;
The rest all stays at home.



—Artist, Alfred I. Tooke

ANSWERS TO JANUARY PUZZLE: Across — 2. clock, 5. he, 6. nuts, 8. aorta, 9. CL, 10. hen. Down — 1. elf, 3. church, 4. kettle, 6. no, 7. S. A., 8. at.



Answer to Puzzle Will Appear Next Month

Heigho-ho! Come to the FAIR!

We mean ANIMAL FAIR, of course, our Tuesday night TV show, where, with John Macfarlane as host, appear many of his fascinating friends of the animal world. You'll enjoy meeting "Mr. Mac's" weekly visitors and hearing the animal stories and facts he has to tell.

The meeting-place is Channel 4, WBZ-TV, and the time is 6:15 - 6:30 P.M. every Tuesday.

Won't YOU be there?

PAGES



"Topper" Is a Trial

By Leanne Mitchell (11)

TWO or three years ago we got a white kitten. We named her "Dinky." This summer while my family and I were on our vacation we got a letter from the people who were taking care of her and "Dinky Junior" (Dinky's kitten) that Dinky and Junior had died. Dinky was the best cat I had ever had, and I never dreamed of her dying. I will never forget her because no other animal could ever take her place! When my family and I got home from our vacation, Dad said we could have a dog.

Two or three weeks later we went to a local humane society, where you can get pets, and looked at a lot of dogs. We were

just going to get a grey poodle (not a fancy one, thank goodness!) when Mom said we should wait till we had looked around more. So we didn't get the poodle. The night after school started we went to a house where they were selling springer spaniels. When we went home that night, in the front seat we had a male springer spaniel.

The next day I named him "Topper." He was three months old when we got him, and now he is four months old. Topper still hasn't gotten his teeth in and he chews up anything he can get hold of.

For example, today my brother is having his birthday party and my mom had to go to Chicago this morning, so she set the birthday table ahead of time with everything on it. Topper came in and pulled it off and chewed all the candy and the tablecloth. When Mom came back she had to rush up-town again and get a new one, so she could set the table all over again. He not only chewed the things on the table and the tablecloth, but when Mom saw him he was sitting there very innocently with a lollipop in his mouth.

Why Be Kind to Animals?

By Rose Peters (15)

ALL animals are human, even if they don't seem to be. Killing birds or any other kind of animals is just like killing a human being. People don't understand animals; they think they are just a piece of furniture.

If an animal could talk he would tell you how he thinks about the way people treat them. If the animals could treat you the way you treat them, I'm afraid some people wouldn't be having any teeth and others wouldn't be living.

If a person has an animal he doesn't want or can't afford, call the SPCA. They are glad to take them and find a good home for them.

When your pet jumps all over the furniture, don't hit him with a broom. (EDITOR'S NOTE: *Never use anything stiffer than a folded newspaper; the noise and your displeasure will discourage bad behavior.*) He has feelings just as well as we do. The only reason they don't seem to is because they can't talk.

A child takes better care of an animal than most humans do. Children treat them as if they are humans. While grown-ups consider them a pest or they get on your nerves.

An animal is a real friend when you haven't got one. Why whip a horse or any animal because you want them to do one thing and they do just the opposite?

You should never shoot a bird with any kind of a gun. If God didn't want animals, He wouldn't have put them here. They're not for us to destroy. He loves them and wants us to do the same. Only some people are blinded by the evil-doings of others and can't see good things about animals.

If an animal is eating your seeds in your garden or gets into your rubbish, don't hit him with a stone or any kind of a weapon. If you run over an animal and someone is around, ask them if they know the owner of the animal.

Never strike an animal or he will get revenge back at you. Only at the time you least expect it. It is easier in the end if you are kind to animals.

From Africa to Alaska

By Mike Williams (9)

DUKE is a German shepherd dog. He was a war dog. He was in World War II. He was in Africa three years. Now he is in Alaska with me.

Duke is scared of bears, but he is not scared of moose! Duke is about thirteen years old. It is hard for him to get up because he was shot in the back.



Mike and his pal, Duke

"Dickie"

By M. K. Pigous



SOME years ago, a neighbor of ours in Habbaniya, Iraq, obtained employment as a personal bearer to a British liaison officer. The officer had a husky wolfdog named "Dickie," who gradually became attached to the servant.

A year later, the officer's unit, on an intelligence mission among the Kurdish tribes, encamped in a valley in Northern Iraq. One day the party ran short of food and the officer instructed his bearer to proceed to one of the neighboring villages to buy some rations. So the servant, accompanied by his master's dog, set out on foot in the early afternoon over a mazy mountain track for the nearest village, which was some seven miles away.

It was late afternoon when they began their return journey, the man having made his purchases. They had hardly traveled two miles when Dickie suddenly began to act very strangely. Blocking the path, he leapt up on his hind legs and put his forepaws on the bearer's chest, snarling and yelping in his face. Each time the man pushed the dog away and ordered him to go on, Dickie repeated the act.

Though very friendly companions, the man began to grow distrustful of the wolfish beast when it persisted in this wild behavior. The man's first thought was that the dog had gone either wild or mad. Then the dog ran at an angle to their path, looking back and barking. Then he squatted for a moment, gazing back at the man with a pleading look in his eyes, and whined as though beckoning him to follow. Puzzled, but curious, the man followed.

After following the dog for a few miles, the man unexpectedly saw their camp come into view. Finally understanding the dog's motive for his previous strange behavior, the man smiled and patted his best friend in gratitude. Had it not been for Dickie's intelligence and remarkable sense of direction, they would have drifted off their course and been lost in the hostile mountains at nightfall.

Women and Children Come First

By Helen L. Renshaw

WHO says that man is callous and inconsiderate? Here is a heart-warming story to prove otherwise. It is about a robin who, for some reason known only to herself, decided that a tunnel—still under construction—was the ideal place to build a home. Well, maybe not ideal, but at least she settled for it, and in doing so she managed to "unsettle" a great many people.

This is what happened. One bright spring morning, workers in the Battery Street tunnel in Seattle, Washington, discovered a nest. It was nicely built in the wooden forms that held the outer walls. And in the nest were four greenish-blue eggs. Well, those astonished workers laid down their shovels and called for the engineers. The engineers just scratched their heads. To leave the nest alone meant delaying the stripping of forms from the outer walls of the portal. And delay might even mean that the opening of the tunnel itself would have to be postponed.

What to do? Well, those concerned went into a huddle, and there were no volunteers to take away Mamma Robin's home and thus destroy her family. Not a single one! What's more, because there was some chance that a careless soul might accidentally drop something upon the eggs, a protective board was placed just above the nest.

The allotted days passed till one Monday morning, there was Mother Robin—plus four hungry youngsters. When dis-

covered, Mamma was working like mad to keep the babies in edibles, and they weren't appreciating the slight delay either. Plain as plain could be, the little mother was having difficulty in providing rations for her brood. Obviously the workers had left no dirt plot within the tunnel, just blocks of cement. The only fat worms were at a distance of two city blocks from the tunnel. The workers decided they must help her.

In the meantime, the news had reached a city paper and it set one kindly gentleman thinking. By pure coincidence he showed up on the eventful day and brought with him a wooden box containing 1,000 choice and wriggling angleworms. There were 1,000 because he had counted them, but he hadn't dug them up. He got his worms from a neighbor who, in a semi-professional way, was in the worm business.

So the delighted workers immediately placed the box near the nest. The ingratitude that followed is sad to contemplate. Mrs. Robin took one look at the box and wasn't delighted at all. True, she did pick up a half-dozen wrigglers, inspect them briefly, and then she flew directly to that small bit of dirt two blocks away and began her frantic foraging again. It was agreed by those who watched that she was either a very low I.Q. robin, or she was incredulous, quite naturally, that the worms were strictly fresh. Or perhaps she was simply independent to the point of being psychotic.

Let's Start the New Year Right

WE SUGGEST learning the right way to care for that Christmas puppy, kitten or bird. In fact, any time you get a new pet (no matter what kind) is the time to write your friends in the American Humane Education Society, 180 Longwood Ave., Boston 15, Mass., or telephone: LOnghood 6-6100. They'll gladly answer your questions about care and training, and furnish you with inexpensive leaflets for your ready reference.

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Any bequests especially intended for the benefit of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital in Boston, or the Rowley Memorial Hospital in Springfield should, nevertheless, be made to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals "for the use of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital," as the Hospitals are not incorporated but are the property of that Society and are conducted by it. **FORM OF BEQUEST** follows:

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